

Savage Bachelor.
The Sweet Young Thing—"Did you know there is a man in the moon no longer? Some one has discovered a woman in the moon." The Savage Bachelor—"No wonder the man left."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

China has six smokeless powder manufacturing plants.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running ear and the deafness is the result, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be lost forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammation of the mucous membrane.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

J. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Two swords which the people of Indianapolis had made for presentation to General Lawton will now be presented to his widow and family.

Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

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Dr. Hobb's Sarsaparilla cures all urinary ailments. Add, Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

World's coal fields cover 471,800 square miles.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. Price \$1. Trial bottle for 2 weeks' treatment. Dr. Kline, Ltd., 151 Ave. C, Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

California's oil output is 15,000 barrels a day.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. H. C. C. Co. full, druggists refund money.

Miss B. A. Mulrooney, of Philadelphia, has made over \$50,000 out of her shops in the Klondike.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 2c. a bottle.

Two thousand Hebrew officers are on the active and reserved lists of the Austrian army.

Pink's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

The castor-oil tree (*Ricinus communis*) is believed in Egypt to keep away mosquitos.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. H. C. C. Co. full cure, druggists refund money.

Fifty-seven new cotton mills have been built in the South during the past twelve months.

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Cannot Stand Upright."**

Neither can poor, weak, thin blood nourish and sustain the physical system. For strength of nerves and muscles there must be pure, rich, vigorous blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is established as the standard preparation for the blood by its many remarkable cures.

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"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCIARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."
DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

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CATHARTIC
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Therefore THE BEST.

It afflicts with
sore eyes, 25c } Thompson's Eye Water

A TAILOR- MADE SUICIDE.

The new tailor gown came out of its box with a frou-frou which was delicious to the ear, which suggested a most luxurious silk lining and an unfathomable depth of dust ruffle.

Frances lifted the gown reverently from its receptacle as a woman will with whom new gowns are a very uncommon sensation.

The friend who had been asked in to see it put on drew in her breath with a little gasp of delight. "What a love of a suit!" she said.

She helped the happy possessor into it with various approving little pats and congratulatory smoothings. Afterwards she took a long, critical survey.

"There's no doubt of it. It's just a supreme success," she said. "The pale gray of that cloth is awfully effective with your heavy bronze hair, and the hang of that skirt is a perfect poem in dressmaking. Look at that broad, buoyant line across the shoulders. You never had such a line there before, my dear, in your life."

"I shall always save up in the future and bank up my money in a few good gowns," Frances said, with a rapturous little sigh. "Of course, one is tempted by the first cheap thing that one comes across, but it pays to resist them. A tailor suit of this kind is worth ten of those dinky little cheap affairs that never look anything and that wear out in a month. I don't believe I'll take it off now. I think I'll wear it this afternoon."

The visitor laughed. "Of course you've got a lot of calls," she said.

"Fully two dozen. But how did you know?"

"Oh, my dear, the woman who has a new gown in the near future puts off all calls until she gets her gown. Haven't you ever noticed it? By the time it arrives she may have fifty calls laid up against her. For some women stop calling fully a month before there's a chance of a new rig. Why, even a bonnet will postpone a call indefinitely, and I own up I've often put off an important one a whole week to wait for a new pair of gloves that were promised to me."

"Well, I've been doing it, too," Frances admitted with a laugh. "And one of them is rather important, for

meeting of our vacation club—"The regenerating effect of a new tailor gown, or how to brace feminine nerves against any emergency."

The end of this soliloquy brought her to the water front. She took a hasty survey of the landscape. "Not a soul in sight," she said gracefully. "It is really very nice of everybody to stay away since I'm to go peering along this terrace like a raving lunatic, looking for the bishop's house."

She mounted the coping and took a long look in each direction, covering her eyes with her hands.

Nowhere was a new building visible. Nowhere a white cross.

The wind was coming in in cool little gusts across the water, but a thick fog hung around the shore and hid from sight all but the very nearest buildings.

"What a nuisance! I can't see a blessed thing! I'll have to give up the call for today or go on a tour of inquiry through the neighborhood to find out the exact address."

She hesitated for a last look through the fog, and at the same time found herself seized from the back. Two heavy hands upon her shoulders.

"Here! Here! None of that, you know. No woman suicide on my beat in broad daylight. I've been watching you ever since you come down."

"Suicide!"

"Yes, ma'am. Drownin's old as the hills. I don't want no suicides on that beat. You come along with me while I ring for the patrol."

Frances looked at her captor in speechless indignation.

"You're young and good-looking. Ought to be ashamed of yourself. What if you didn't get the one you wanted? There's just as good as him in the world—dozens of 'em."

"I had no more intention of committing suicide than you had," the young lady burst out, regaining her voice. "I was trying to locate the new episcopal residence, so that I could go to it directly. The bishop has sent for me."

"Yes, yes. You all have some tale to tell if you're took. But if I hadn't come up just then you'd be in thirty foot of water by this time, so you would."

He half led, half dragged her along to the nearest patrol box, and if it had not been for the fierce resolve and a



"I CAN'T SEE A BLESSED THING."

it concerns a class of Italian children that I've taken to teach to sew as my share in the church work. Some questions have come up and I want to talk to the bishop about them. I think that will be my new gown's first call. He asked me to report how the work in general was going on about once a month, and I've been putting it off."

"You knew, of course, that the episcopal house is changed?"

"Why, no, I hadn't heard."

"They moved into their new one about three weeks ago."

"Where is it, do you know? The new one?"

"I'm not sure of the street, but it's perfectly visible from the water front. If you go right down our avenue here six blocks to the water's edge and look around, you can't miss it. It has a white cross."

"Thank you, my dear. If it is a new building with a white cross and visible from the water front, of course I can find it in a jiffy."

"Yes, indeed, you can't mistake it."

"I'm a regenerate being," soliloquized Frances, as she swept gloriously down the avenue. "To a woman there is a regenerating influence about a new gown that nothing else brings with it. Having a new gown I feel morally certain that I shall black the heels of my boots as well as the toes for months to come, which is the same as saying until my new gown has lost its pristine freshness and I've become used to it."

"Not only that, but I feel morally certain that, being well dressed, I would face an emergency if one were to come up, defeat it, and come out of it with flying colors. I almost wish that some abominable state of things would rise up suddenly today and let me prove my theory. It would make a delicious paper to read at the next

desire to right herself in his eyes, she would, she knew, have cried like a baby.

But a spirit of self-justification braced her up. She calmly awaited the arrival of the Black Maria, or whatever that detestable thing might be called which they took prisoners away in.

She wondered in those few dreadful moments just how it would feel to ride in a prison van.

She had often pitied the poor wretches she saw whirled through the city in this vehicle of doom. Now, it appeared, she was to become a poor wretch herself and be whirled through the city for people to pity, too.

She wondered if any one she knew would recognize her in the hateful thing. And what they did to the people who tried to suicide "into thirty foot of water?" And what her people would think when they were notified to come down to the station house because she had been arrested for trying to drown herself.

She tried to prepare herself for the companions she was almost sure to have in the van, and she debated whether they would insist on telling their woes and on sympathizing with hers.

This cinematograph of nightmares was interrupted by the arrival of the Maria. How hideous it was as it came down the avenue, rolling and looking like a great black beast scenting prey. Frances closed her eyes to keep out the awful vision, but she opened them a moment later with a throb of sudden hope. She raised her head to look her captor firmly in the eye.

"Officer," she said, "I wish that you would look at me for just one moment and see what I have on."

"I see what you have on," he answered in mysterious tones: "a dress."

"A new dress," she corrected. "A spandy new dress just taken from its box—a dress which fits me perfectly and which cost me 75 of my good dollars."

"It might from the look of it," he admitted, with an admiring glance. "It's right neat and snug-fitting like."

"Very good," she continued, with the tone of a teacher making figures on the blackboard. "And now, let me ask you one little question. Do you think a woman who has just put on a new gown as pretty as this would want to commit suicide?"

"I do not. And that's heaven's own truth," he said, with decision. "I'm afraid I've made a big blunder. The time never has been and never will be when a woman'll get a new dress and drown herself in the same day."

The Maria lumbered up to them, mouthing and gulping. But the officer was as good as his convictions.

"Don't need you, Mickey," he said. "We've had a mistake here, and we're all right now."

"I hope you've no hard feelin's to me, miss," he apologized. "I was only a-doin' my duty and somethin' I thought you'd like to thank me for."

"Oh, I've no hard feelings," she answered, cheerfully. "Of course, it was rather annoying to have my life saved when I'd no intention of throwing it away. But it was your duty, as you saw it. And in the future won't you please remember that when a woman has on a \$75 tailor-made for the first time she's in no danger of committing suicide? This world is too good just then for her to want to leave it."

The beast turned tail and loped away defeated.—Edward Dawson, in Atlanta Journal.

FIGHT BLASTED HIS CAREER.

Indian Lost His Nose in a Melee and Gave Up His Ambition.

Edward O'Shawano was the name, not of a descendant of Irish kings, but of a noted Indian chief who has just passed away at his home on Sugar Island, near Sault Ste. Marie. Sometimes O'Shawano was called the "Indian Chesterfield with the Wax Nose."

For he had a wax nose. His own original nose was chewed off in a fight. Yet, notwithstanding the bright and youthful tendencies which led him into it, O'Shawano was quite entitled to his name of the Indian Chesterfield.

He was polished and courteous in speech, dignified in bearing and always faultlessly dressed. His language was excellent and clearly indicated the good education he had. For, notwithstanding his father and mother were full-blooded Indians, Edward in his youth was one of the brightest students in the Detroit public schools and afterward in Albion college. His natural quickness as a boy and his ambition to live as white men drew attention to him, and Rev. A. M. Leach and D. C. Fitch of Detroit became his patrons and helped him on. After leaving Albion college he read law, and it was expected he would make his mark at the bar. But, unfortunately, at this epoch in his career he got into a terrible fight over a game of cards with deckhands on the steamer Dubuque. O'Shawano had taken passage on the steamer, which was caught and held for a time in the ice on St. Mary's river. The game of cards began to while away the time, and one of the deckhands, in the course of a dispute struck O'Shawano in the face. The latent savage in his blood broke loose at this, and the Indian ran for a bowie knife, with which he murderously attacked his assailant. In the melee that followed O'Shawano's nose was chewed off. Always inordinately proud of his personal appearance, his disfigurement quite broke his spirit. From that time on he lived the life of a wanderer, but making his home often on lonely Sugar Island. He got a wax nose made, and it fairly well concealed his disfigurement, but O'Shawano never regained his lost ambition. He was 61 years old when he died. O'Shawano's sister became the wife of Judge J. L. Shipman of Detroit, who did all he could for his Indian brother-in-law. But the lost nose meant a lost career for the proud-spirited Edward, and no influence could restore his old spirit. He was the son of a noted Ojibway chief.—New York World

Thirty-One Years War.
Spain has had thirty-one years of war during the present century.

If you will
return this coupon and three one cent stamps to the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass., you will receive in return a copy of the 20th Century Year Book.

This is not an ordinary almanac, but a handsome book, copiously illustrated, and sold for 5 cents on all news-stands. (We simply allow you the two cents you spend in postage for sending.) Great men have written for the Year Book. In it is summed up the progress of the 19th century. In each important line of work and thought the greatest living specialist has recounted the events and advances of the past century and has prophesied what we may expect of the next.

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Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, on Agriculture; Senator Chauncey M. Depew, on Politics; Russell Sage, on Finance; Thomas Edison, on Electricity; Dr. Madison Peters, on Religion; General Merritt, on Land Warfare; Admiral Hichborn, on Naval Warfare; "Al" Smith, on Sports, etc.; making a complete review of the whole field of human endeavor and progress.

While the Other Fellow Laughed.

"Some people, said the boy with the dirty face, 'never thank you. A fellow put a bent pin on the teacher's chair the other day, and when the teacher was about to sit down I pulled the chair from under him to save him from the pin. And by George he licked me for it.'—Stray Stories.

The Finest Warhorse.

The German empress, it is said, spends more upon clothes than any other royal lady.

I do pity unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day.—Falkland.



The "Ivory" is a favorite shaving soap because it makes a profuse rich lather, which softens the beard to be removed and leaves the skin unharmed.

It costs about one-fifth as much as the so-called shaving soaps and many who have used it for this purpose for years, will not have any other.

The vegetable oils of which Ivory Soap is made, fit it for many special uses for which other soaps are unsafe or unsatisfactory.

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Daily Freshets.

The most people who live in the temperate zones, the annual freshets occasioned by the melting of the winter snows and by the unusually heavy rains of spring are a matter of familiar observation. Under a higher latitude and in the neighborhood of glaciers, other phenomena are to be studied. An English traveler in Alaska has the following to report about the rivers of that country: The Takhenna, like most streams of glacial origin, was subject to a daily rise and fall. The distance of its sources caused the water to increase in volume and in swiftness from noon to midnight, after which it continued to decrease from midnight to noon. The daily rise measured from six to ten inches, according to the heat of the weather; the daily fall measured from five to eight inches during the time the fine weather lasted. After a few days of cloudy, rainy weather, I found the river falling from day to day about as fast as it had risen during the fine weather. It is worthy of remark that during fine weather I invariably found the wind during the daytime in the Chilkat valley blowing up from the sea. It began in the forenoon with a gentle breeze, which gradually increased to a smart gale, that died quite away by sunset. During the night there was either no wind, or else it blew in the contrary direction. This regular movement of the atmosphere no doubt has much to do with producing the regular daily rise and fall of the river.

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To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Tangier is a city without vehicles. Donkeys are used for transportation.

Words of Praise From a Banker.
Mr. Chas. E. Currier, of the Atlanta National Bank, is very careful with his words, not only in his official capacity, but in his conversation generally. He suffered much from indigestion, and writes: "I have used Tyler's Dyspepsia Remedy in attacks of acute indigestion, and have always found it to give instantaneous relief. I consider it a medicine of high merit. C. E. CURRIER."

Prices 25c a bottle, at all druggists or sent for price, charges paid, by Tyler Dyspepsia Remedy Co., 43 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga.

Columbia University has received a total of \$82,000 as anonymous Christmas gifts.

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